THE Counter-Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

THE

COUNTER-RAT.

Written by *R. S.*

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THE

COUNTER-SCUFFLE.

LEt that Majeſtick Pen that writes
Of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble Feats and Fights;
And thoſe who tell of Mice and Froggs,
And of the skirmiſhes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Bears*, and Maſtive Doggs,
be ſilent.
And now let each one liſten well,
While I the Famous Battell tell,
In *Woodſtreet-Counter* that befell
in high Lent;
In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortal honour did obtain
by merit.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free
of Spirit.
And though he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomack like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
or pity.
Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt ſparks about
The City.
And at his weapon any way
He could perform a ſingle fray,
Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodkin.
He reckt not for his fleſh a jot,
He fear'd not *Engliſhman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monſter* car'd he not
a Dodkin.
For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
he car'd not;
And

And in his anger (cause being given)
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Justice* under Heaven,
he fear'd not.
He durst his enemy withstand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis*-Sand,
And bravely there with Sword in hand
would greet him.
And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,
Not cared though the Devil came
to meet him.
And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man,
Who first this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
of mild Beer.
But had you seen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he fought,
There's no man but would have him thought
a wild Bear.
Imagine now you see a score
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did use to roist and rore,
and swagger.

Among the which were three or four,
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,
Whose very Grandsires scarcely wore a Dagger.
A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men well read
In wiping Spoons and chipping Bread,
And falling to, short Grace being sed, full roundly:
Whose hungry maws no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their stomacks without sauce could feed profoundly.
'Twas ill that men of sober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to riot were given.
And (O great grief!) even from their food
(Their Stomacks too being strong & good)
And that sweet place whereon it stood, be driven.
But here 'tis fitting I repeat
What food our dainty prisoners eat
But if in placing of the meat and Dishes,

From

From curious order I do swerve,
'Tis that themselves did none observe,
For which nor flesh they did deserve,
nor Fishes.
But some (perhaps) will say that Lent
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much for good, and that they went
without it.
'Tis like: but if I add a Dish,
Or twain, or three, but Flesh or Fish,
They either had, or did it wish,
ne're doubt it.
Then wipe your mouths, while I declare
The goodness of this Lenten fare,
Which is in prison very rare,
I tell ye.

The Supper.

Furmity, as sweet as any *Nut*,
As good as ever swill'd a Gut,
And butter sweet as e're was put
in Belly.
Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white salt upright stood,
And meats which heat and stir the bloud
to action.

As

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married pair to bed,
And in loose bloods have often bred
a Faction.
Fish butter'd to the platters brim,
And Parsnips did in butter swim,
Strew'd o're with Pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon.
Smelts cry'd, Come eat me, do not stay;
Fresh-Cod and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to these a lusty *Bacon Gammon*
Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,
Well stuft with Sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black.
Sous'd Gurnet,
Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench and *Trout,*
Meat far too good for such a rout,
To tumble, toffe, and throw about,
and spurn it.
The next a *Neats-tongue* neatly dryde,
Mustard and *Sugar* by his side,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Custard.*

Eels

Eels boyl'd and broyl'd, and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes* King,
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*
and *Muſtard*.
But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, ſome from the Pot
new taken:
A *Shoulder* and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
forſaken.
A *Loyn* of *Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the hungrieſt of the *Guard*;
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men,
And ſuch as love the *Luſty China*;
But when that I ſhall Sup or Dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine,
of all men.
Thus, the Deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of Men and Meat.
Mars ayd me now, while I repeat
The Battel,

Where Pots and Stools were us'd as gins
To break each others Heads and Shins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
to rattle;
Where men to madness never ceast,
Till each (furious as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast
full dainty;
Whereon (had they not been accurst)
They might have fed till Bellies burst,
But *Ellis* shew'd himself the worst
of twenty.
For he began this monstrous braull,
Which afterward incens'd them all
To throw the meat about the Hall
that Even.
And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between these Iron of War,
Wherein so many a harmless skar
was given.
The board thus furnish't, each man sate,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring question strait
was risen.

For they grew hotly in disputé,
What Calling was of most repute;
'Twas well their wits were so acute
in prison.
While they discours'd, the *Parson* blythe
Fed as he meant to have the Tythe
Of every Dish, being sharp as Sythe
in feeding,
But haste had almost made him choke,
Or else (perhaps) he would have spoke
In praise of his long-thred-bare Cloke
and breeding.
But after a deliberate pause,
The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause,
In commendation of the *Laws*
profession,
The *Law* (quoth he) by a just doom
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defend the innocent from
oppression,
It favours truth, it curbs the hope
Of vice; it gives allegiance scope,
Provides a Gallows and a Rope
for treason.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in prison fit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And reason.
To which all men must subject be,
As we by daily proof do see,
From highest to the low'st degree;
The *Scholer*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth subdue
The *Souldier* and his swaggering crue:
But at that word the Captain grew
In choler;
He lookt full grim, and at first word
Rapt out an Oath that shook the Board,
And struck his Fist, that the sound roar'd
Like Thunder;
It made all skip that stood him near,
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for fear,
And those that heard it, stricken were
with wonder;
Nought did he now but frown and puffe,
And having star'd and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough:
Thou cogging
Bate

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging,
A Slave, that shall for halfe a Crown,
With Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,
Wait like a Dog about the Town,
And follow
A Businesse on the Divils part
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But head as empty as thy heart
Is hollow;
You stay at home and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leese,
And then with such base terms as these
You wrong us;
But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Than once to shew thy face i' th' warre
Among us;
Where to defend such thankless Hinds
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormy winds
And weathers,
And

And oft in bloud he wades full deep,
Your throats from forreign Swords to keep,
And wakes when you securely sleep
in feathers.
What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do
Againſt invaſions of a *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go
to quell'em?
And to prevent your further harms,
With Enſigne, Fife, and loud Alarms
Of warlike Drum, by force of Arms
repell'em?
Your *Treſpaſs-Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot upon your Land,
When they in ſcorn of your command
come hither:
No remedy in *Courts* of *Pauls*,
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Rouls*,
For jouling of your *jobbernoules*
together.
Were't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
Where wouldſt thou Fog to get a Fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
'tis pitty.
For,

For, ſuch as thou eſteem us leaſt,
Who ever have been ready preſt
To guard you and the *Cuckoes* neſt,
your City.
That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his bloud ran to his heart;
He ſhook, and quak'd in every part
with anger:
He lookt as if nought might aſſwage
The heat of his enflamed Rage;
His very countenance did preſage
ſome danger.
A *Cuckoes* neſt? quoth he, and ſo
He humb'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
verpreſs him.
At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bleſs him.)
Of *London*-City I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I love it.

And he that calls it *Cuckoos* neſt,
Except he ſays he ſpeaks in juſt,
He is a Villain and a Beaſt,
Ile prove it:
This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Though *Captain Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſwear, and tear his hair
in fury;
And with the hazzard of my blood
I'le fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrel good,
Aſſure ye.
For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London*-City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In Battell;
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
Whatever this *Low-Country* Squire
Do prattle;
For we have Souldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair Renown
About it;
If

If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all his Train;
We'll make him to retire again,
Nere doubt it.
We have fought well in dangers paſt,
And will do while our lives do laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commanders
That hither come, compell'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and ſuits provant,
From *Utrick*, *Numigen*, or *Gaunt*
In *Flanders*.
The *Captain* could no longer hold;
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him
Proud Boy, and for his ſaucy ſpeech
Did vow ſhortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatcht the Pot, with which
he mall'd him, *The Scuffle.*
He threw the Jugge, and therewithal
Did give the *Captain* ſuch a mall
As made him thump againſt the wall
his Crupper.

With that the *Captain* took a Diſh
That ſtood brim-full of butter'd Fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
To Supper:
And as he threw, his foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Diſh aſide,
And all be-butterfiſhifide
Nick Ballat:
And he (good man) did none diſeaſe;
But ſitting quiet and at his eaſe,
With butter'd *Rochets* thought to pleaſe
his Palat.
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad;
Some in the Room been better had
without him;
For he took hold of any thing;
And firſt he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,
Which he couragiouſly did fling
about him:
Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the Board in higheſt place
was ſeated.
And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in woful wiſe
defeated.
All things near hand, *Nick Ballet* threw;
At length his butter'd *Rochets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parſon:
The Sauce his Coat did all bewet,
The *Prieſt* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he ſet
His ——on:
He knew not what to do or ſay,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *You are all gon aſtray*,
Good People:
He might as well go ſtrive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach;
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
i' th' Steeple.
At this miſchance the ſilly man
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
to mutter.

Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parſneps* full of fat;
Which ſtuck like Broaches in his Hat
with Butter.

Out of the place he ſoon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the Stairs,
And made complaint to Maſter *Aires*
with crying.

Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter;
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.

I dare not ſay he ſtunk for wo,
Nor will, unleſs I did it know;
But ſome there be that dare ſay ſo,
that ſmelt him:

Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw Diſhes at his head;
And did with Eggs and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him.

He thruſt himſelf into the throng,
And us'd the vertue of his tongue;
But what could one mans words among
ſo many?

The

The Candles were all ſhuffled out,
The Vittles flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a Combat fought
by any.

Now in the dark was all the coyl;
Some were bloudy in the broyl,
And ſome were ſteept in *Sallet-Oyl*
and *Muſtard.*

The ſight would make a man afeard:
Another had a butter'd Beard,
Anothers Face was all beſmeard
with *Cuſtard:*

Others were daub'd up to the Knee
With butter'd *Fiſh* and *Furmitee*;
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat 'em.

Under the Board *Lluellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray,
And as the Weapons flew that way
he eat 'em.

VVill. Lluellin *a Priſoner there, ſome time the Keeper.*

The Bread ſtuck in the Windows all,
Like Bullets in a Caſtle-wall
Which furious foes did ſeek to ſcal
in Battle.

Shoulders

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loyns of *Veal*,
Appointed for to ſerve the Meal,
About their ears full many a Peal
did rattle;

One of the Under-Keepers. The which when *Own Blany* ſpide,
Oh, take away their Arms, he cry'd,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
prevent it.

And then the Knave away did ſteal
Of food that fell, no little deal,
And in his houſe at many a meal
he ſpent it.

The *Captain* ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flong
So ſtoutly:

And angry *Ellis* ſought about
To find the furious *Captain* out;
At length they met, and then they fought
Devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their loud robuſtious din
The Room and all that was therein
Did rumble.

Inſtead

Inſtead of Weapons made of Steel,
The *Captain* took a ſalted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a *Pippin-Pie* had got,
A ſorer Weapon than the *Pot*;
For lo, the Apples being hot
did ſcald him.

The *Captain* laid about him ſtill,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eel* with a good will
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of a couragious heart,
Yield now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to hear
Thy words of Threat, being free from fear;
With which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.

Together then afreſh they fly,
The *Eel* againſt the *Pippin-Pie*:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely
to watch 'em.

The

The weapons wherewithal they fought,
Were thoſe for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
to catch 'em;
But ſcap't not now ſo well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* fray;
He thought to have with ſuch a prey
his jaws fed:
But all his hope did turn aſide,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd
his Calves-head.
Wo was the caſe he now was in,
The hot Apples did ſcald his skin;
His Skull as it had rotten bin,
did quoddle.
With that one fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the houſe about,
That *Blany*'s Brains were beaten out
his Noddle:
A Turn-key, a fat fellow. Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee
What all this coyl and ſtir might be;
And up the Stairs his Guts and he
went wadling.

But

But when he came the Chamber near,
Behind the Door he ſtood to hear,
For in he durſt not come for fear
of ſwadling:
There ſtood he in a frightful caſe,
And as by chance he ſtirr'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd Plaice
did hit him.
Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue
He lickt and ſwallow'd up the wrong,
And as he went the Room along,
be----him.
For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I die,
My guts out of my belly flie,
come quickly.
Blany with open mouth likewiſe
For preſent help of Surgeon cryes,
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lies
ſo ſickly.
Phillips the skilful Surgeon then,
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd again,
If he had skill to cure the ſame
to ſhew it.

At length he comes, and first he Puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* Guts;
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
All know it:
He cries for water. In the mean
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchin-queen*;
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it.
Fast by the Nose she took the squall,
And led him softly th'row the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
about it.
She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yellow which was wont to be
a white breech.
She took a Dish-clout off the shelf,
And with it wip't the sh—Elfe,
Which had not wit to help it self,
Poor—breech.
Thus leaving *Lockwood* all betry'd
Unto the mercy of the maid,
Who well deserved to be pay'd
For taking
Such

Such homely pains: Now let us caſt
Our thoughts back on the ſtir that's paſt,
And them whoſe Bones could not in haſt
Leave aking
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once again;
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared.
Freſh lights being brought t' appeaſe the Brall
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall,
With Bloud and Sauce ther faces all
Beſmeared
Their Cloaths rent and foul'd in Drink,
Oyl, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the ſtink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
In ſadneſs,
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
Their madneſs.
They were indeed diſ-figured ſo,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe;
For each man ſcarce himſelf did khow:
But after

A Frantick ſtaring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently do perſwade;
And (as before) all friends are made,
full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captain* doth imbrace,
The *Captain* doth return the grace,
And ſo do all men in the place,
as friendly.

By *Jove* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The *Captain* ſoon as much reply'd:
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd;
and *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at odds again ſhall be,
Ere any jars 'twixt thee and me;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full Can.

And then he kneel'd upon the ground,
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renown'd:
and never.

May

May any Quarrel 'twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loveing friends remain
for ever.
Amen, cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,
And so the Health went round the Hall;
And thus the famous *Counter-Braull*
was ended.
But hunger now did vex 'm more
Than all their anger did before;
They searcht i'th' Room how far their store
extended
They want the Meat which *Blany* stole;
One finds a *Herring* in a hole
With durt and dust black as a coal,
and trodden.
All under feet. The next in post,
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
And looks not whether it were rost,
or sodden;
A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in durty case,
And *Mustard* in his fellows face.
Another
Espies

Eſpies, and findes a Loaf of Bread,
A Diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck upon anothers head
i'th' pother.
Thus what they found contented ſome:
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the Room
with ſweeping.
But under Table on the ground
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Llueing, faining to be ſound-
ly ſleeping.
He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by th' heels,
As if his bum had run on wheels,
And found his pocket ſtuft with *Eeles*:
His Cod-piece
Did plenty of proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broad Peice.
At this Diſcovery each man round
Took equal ſhare of what was found
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
in good Drink.

For

For of good Beer there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it o're;
For each man had enough and more,
That would drink
Aud when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no Quarrel had been bred;
They all ſhook hands, and all to bed
did ſhuffle.

Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave *Captain* of renown:
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter-Scuffle.

THE

To the READER.

THis *Bacchanalian Night-prize of the* Counter-Scuffle *being thus finiſh'd, hath ever ſince frighted both Priſoners and Jaylors from coming into any Room, for fear of a ſecond Uproar. So that the* Counter, *for want of ſweet garniſhing and cleanly looking to, is grown ſo naſty, that no man (by his good will) will thruſt his Noſe in at any of the Grates: Nay, will rather go a Mile about, than come near it; Though to keep it ſweet, a great deal of Mace is ſtuck upon every Serjeant, as if he were a Capon in white-broth.*

Upon this ſlovenlineſs, it is wofully haunted with Rats; not ſuch Rats as run up and down in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new Wort of ſtrong Beer ſo long, and in ſuch abundance, that half the City is compelled to drink Beer as ſmall as Water; Nor thoſe Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houſes, where they gnaw ſo

many batches of Bread, that a Penny-loaf wants ſometimes three or four ounces in weight. And then the honeſt Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently ſet in the Pillory.

Neither are they thoſe Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers ſhops, where they nibble ſo much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full weight.

No, theſe are no Rats with four Legs, but only two; and though they have neſts in a thouſand places of London, *yet for the moſt part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to ſay, The Counters of* Wood-ſtreet *and the* Poultrey, *and for that cauſe are called Counter-Rats.*

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,
This Picture lively doth declare.

The

THE
Counter-Rat.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes that ſtick and ſnee,
Of Battoon Damme's that cry bree,
I ſing now.
At men and women, (bawds and whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,
I fling now:
What fling I? Nothing but light Rimes,
Not tun'd as are Saint *Pulchers* Chimes,
No Steeples height my Muſe now climes,
But flyeth
Cloſe to the ground as Swallowes do;
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings, and if not true,
She lyeth.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die;
Thy Theaming likewiſe I defie
O Fenner.

Let Hogſden Scrapers on their Baſe
Sound Fum fum fum from rottred Caſe,
Nor Mean, nor Treble now take place,
But Tenor.

A Counter-Tenor is that note,
Too eaſie; —'tis nere ſung by rote,
But got with wetting of your throat,
with Claret,
Or ſtout March-Beer, or Windſor-Ale,
Or labour-in-vain, (ſo ſeldom ſtale)
Or Pymlico, whoſe too great ſale
did mar it.

He that me reads, ſhall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea which ſo near ſat
the Moon-ſhine.

For I of ſtranger Wonders write,
OF a wild Vermin got each night,
Mad Bulls i'th' dark, but Gulls in ſight
of Sun-ſhine.

My

My Metamorphoſis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then, thoſe Rats are Priſoners faire,
O pitty!
But tis good ſport to ſee them dreſt,
To garniſh out a Mornings Feaſt,
Each bit being ſalted with a jeſt
ſcarce witty:
Theſe are not Rats that nibble Cheeſe,
Or challenge mouldy cruſts for Fees,
And rather will their long Tayls leeſe
than Bacon:
No, theſe are they whoſe guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons, hard with powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe cheeks with Wine inflam'd,
are taken
By Conſtables and Bill-men eke,
Who ſpeak no Latine, French nor Greek,
But are Night-Sconces out to ſeek
Night-ſneakers,
Who late in Taverns up do ſit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,
Pouring in Bouls till they out-ſpit
full Beakers.

Theſe

Theſe (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Priſ'ner ſhakes his ſhaggy head,
And leaning half out of his bed,
A laughing
Falls,—and cryes out—A Rat, a Rat.
Oh! roars another,—Is he fat?
If not,—fley off his Cloak or Hat;
Thus ſcoffing
Till morn they lie.—The poor Rat gets
Into ſome hole,—beſides his wits
To hear ſuch catterwouling fits
So fright him:
But day being come,—all up do riſe,
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,
A Garniſh then the whole Room cryes;
They bite him.
Ask any how ſuch news I tell,
Of *Woodſtreets* Hole, or *Poultrey's* Hell?
Know, I did 'mongſt thoſe Gipſies dwell
that cuzzen there;
I mean the Turn-keys and thoſe Knaves,
Who rack (for Fees) men worſe then ſlaves,
I ſaw brought in with Bills and Glaves,
Some dozzen there.
For

For I one night by Rug-Gowns caught,
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,
What there my dear experience bought,
Ile sell ye
Cheaper then I could have it there,
For they for Tokens throats will tear;
But such as 'tis, fill with the chear
Your belly.
Prick up your ears,—for I begin
To tell what Rats, my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,
But mildly
Being cal'd before the Bench of Wits
Who sit out midnights Bedlam-Fits;
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,
Ran wildly.
First, about twelve, the Counter-gates
Thunder'd with thumpings, doors & grates
Reel'd at the peal,—when our prison-mates
Up starting
Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm;
Sore had the Fight been, but small harm
At parting:
It

It was a Watch, ſwearing we bleed,
But 'twas their Noſes dropt indeed;
Maſters (quoth they,) we charge ye take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle th'row a gut;
His Bi! bo has from each man cut
a limb here.
They gone, up comes the *Bredah* Bouncer,
His Tusks ſtiff ſtarcht like a brave Mounſer,
Of Turnbull-punks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him.
Why here, quoth we? why? zounds becauſe
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawes;
But ſure I mauld *Mr.* Conſtables jaws,
Or ſlew him.
All's one—ſaid one, pleaſe you to bed Sir?
He (ſwearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcorn to rock my Harneſſe-Head Sir
In Feathers;
Give

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armourer ſtill is my Upholſter;
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,
hang weathers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſs of ſtraw,
To fire thy tail—*Pox* a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Jack Daw,
Is't treaſon?
Raſcal! more Claret There's none here, Sir.
Why then (you mangy Cur) ſome beer, Sir.
There's not a Tapſter dares come neer, Sir.
Thy reaſon?
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words, Sir
His wezand fears them worſe then ſwords Sir.
Mum then,--I'll take a nap o'th' bords, Sir:
he ſleeps there.

A Croſs legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who to take meaſure out had been
And (maundlin drunk) to rince his ſin,
he weeps there.

Weeps to be call'd a Rat, being known
A man at leaſt,—ſo down being thrown
On a'hard bench, thus did he groan
in ſorrow:
Brethren, where am I? one reply'd,
In Wood-ſtreet-Counter,—O my pride!
Thou art tane down. and I muſt hide
to morrow,
A head that was not hid before,
Wo worth him makes *Manaſſes* roar;
But dye I may not in his ſcore,
believe me:
For conſolation I eſpie
Th'row my ſweet Spaniſh needles eye,
The Siſters will (if here I lie)
releive me.
Siſters i'th' Countrey! O no: here
Onely the wicked ones appear;
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh tear,
Confeſſing
Th' art rightly puniſht for thy Yard,
And for thy Goose which graz'd to hard,
And for ſome Stuffs which thou had marr'd
with preſſing.

We

We ask'd him, why he was brought in?
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I ſpin;
And then agen did thus begin,
condoling:
All are not Fryars, I ſee, wear Cowls;
Nor all in minc'd ruffs, milk-white ſouls;
I ſhould have talk'd thus, when the bowls
were trolling:
But then to ſteal I held no harm,
Lappets of drink to keep me warm;
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,
indeed-la-
O would my ſhears might cut my thred;
Why is this croſs-legg'd miſchief bred?
Mending my want from heal to head
with ſpeed-la-
Sorrow has made me dry,—no matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drink water;
No other Ram my brains ſhall batter,
to kill me:
Roof, touch no more wines, French or Spa-
All drinks Papiſtical I baniſh, (niſh,
Out of my lips this phraiſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy, fill me--

One bid him call for Beer,—he ſed,
Oh! No more Beer,—but reach me bread;
By that I'll ſwear—would I were dead,
and rotten,
When I agen ſwill ought but whay;
Yet leſt (being cold) my zeal decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then a freſh wide flie the doors,
An Uſurer hedg'd in with mad whores
came wallowing;
As does a great Ship on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies,—for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wives, who had wine at eaſe
been ſwallowing;
And blown him up with penny-pots
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots;
Pay'd him at weeks end by th' old Trots,
for ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them.—to buy Skate,
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billinſgate*:
Thus then they met, and hold thus late
their drillings;
He reſts in peace,—but is not dead,
Yet is worms meat in louzie bed,
And lies like one wrapt up in lead,
none ſtirr'd him.
But all his Oyſter-mouths gap'd wide,
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Devil did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
and ſpurr'd them:
They flung & wi[illegible] and kickt down ſtaires
Themſelves, and ſtampt like Flanders Mares;
Hell is broke looſe,—no Keeper dares
approach them:
For, at that Dog (beſawc'd in Sack,)
They grind their teeth, and curſe him black;
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break our back,
and broach them
So faſt, that all their gains boyl out
Deep-red to dye his pocky ſnout.
But, that which flung theſe brands about
ſo hotly,
Gan

'Gan now to quench them, ſleep does ſound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lye drown'd
In caſt up wine, —and on the ground
the ſhot lie.

A Black Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh din allay'd,
But drencht in mire, with drink beray'd
(New curried) was brought in a Jade
all mettle;
An Eſtridge that Iron Bars could eat,
And ſtrong Beer out of Sea-coals beat;
His Fifty-cuffs did the Watch fret
and nettle:
This ſecond Smug who had the ſtaggers;
This Vulaniſt, whoſe Nailes were daggers;
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers
at ſnoaring:
Though lockt up, yet ſet up his Trade
Bolts, Hinges, Bars, and Grates he made
Fly, —when being heard, the Jaylors pay'd
his roaring;
They

They furniſht him with Iron enough,
Neck Hands and Legs had armour tough,
And ſtronger (but more cold) than Buff,
to gaurd him.
How did they this? none durſt com near him
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him;
All bringing Cans, to pledge them, ſwear him
ſo ſnar'd him:
Yet, for all this he danc'd in's ſhackles;
And cry'd, T'other pot, I want more tackles;
And thus (till break of day) it cackles.
Laid having
The addle Eggs of his turn'd brains,
In his iron neſt of fuſty chains,
Which made him loſe both ſence of pains,
and raving.

A Long tail'd Rat.

THe next that in our little Eaſe
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas.
Was a ſpruce knave, like none of theſe,
but ſober;
As

As the Strand May-pole,--he did go
In ruff--His thumb th'row Ring did ſhow
A Gentleman ſeal'd,--for he was no
hog grubber.
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freez but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
at noddy:
But being hal'd in, his hair he rent;
And ſwore they all ſhould dear repent
Their baſeneſs,--for no ill he meant
to her body.
The Priſoners askt then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client--One well to paſs,
Though here they impound me like an Aſs,
I'll ferk them;
I'll make the Beadle pluck in's horn,
He flirted at my Noſe in ſcorn;
The Watch ſhall ſtink, the Conſtable mourn:
I'll jerk them;
Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her houſe,--That's Burglary,--The Clock
Scarce counting two,--Then they ſtruck
o'th' mazzard
An

An action of ſtrong Battery! Good!
They made my Noſe then guſh blood;
(One more!)—And that I miſt the mud
was hazzard.
Here's Law in lumps:—Muſt, when to tryal
My Client comes, I have denial
For ingreſs to her, by Scabs? A Ryal
I enter
At Midnight,—a plain Caſe,—elſe *Ployden*
The Caſe is altred:—ſhall each *Hoyden*
Bar Law her courſe? Dare ruſtick *Royden*
ſo venture?
A Farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his Breſt, Revenge did cry:
ſo churning
His brains for Law-tricks how to ſting them,
And up to all the Bars to bring them,
He ſat, hard-twiſting cords to wring them,
till morning

No more of this light skipping Verſe;
A dreery Fable I now rehearſe.

LOng this brown ſtudy did not laſt,
But in, at Compter-gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watch againe. A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boys
Straight fill'd the houſe. The Two-peny-ward
Leap'd up and fell a dancing hard: (ward
Out at the hole, all thruſt their heads;
The Knights Ward left their ſeven-groat-beds:
The Maſters ſide hearing the din
Swore that the Devil was ſure brought in:
But when they heard they Fidlers were;
Some curs'd the noiſe, ſome lent an ear:
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed.
Being then for want of drink half dead.
Lock't were the Fidlers in a Room:
All cry'd, Strike up, Play Rougs, Fum fum.
The Minnikin tickled, roar did the baſe;
Then bawdy ſongs, all ſleep muſt chaſe;
The men play'd hevily, boys did whine:
Not ſeeing Meat, Mony, Beer, nor Wine:
Up ſuch a laugh the priſoners took,
That the beds danc'd, and chambers ſhuk;
Nay, the ſtrange hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace ran both Lice and Fleas,

The

The Rozzen rub'd off, the Cats guts weary,
We ask'd, how they who made men merry
Grew ſad themſelves, and why (like ſprites)
Fidlers being ſtrung to walk amghts,
Were they lock'd up?—One then, i'th eye
Putting his finger, told us why.
Quoth he, being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poor cales—up they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers ſwore
We ſhould play them to the Blue-bore,
Kept by mad Ralf at Iſlington,
Whoſe Hum and Mum, being powr'd upon
Our guts,—ſo burnt 'em we deſir'd
To part;—being out o'th houſe e'en fired:
As our hands play'd, our heads were plyed;
And, tho the night was cold, we fryed;
For ſuch hot waters ſod our brain,
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for rain:
Strong were our Coxcombs, our legs weak;
We, nor our Fiddles had wit to ſpeak.
The company then being faſt aſleep,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creep
Into the high-way—O ſweet moon!
We, but for thee, had been undone:

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
We all might well have been indited
For breaking into others ground:
Three in one ditch being almoſt drown'd;
Yet out ſcrambled, and along (throng,
The Play-houſe came,—where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcurvy play,
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away;
And ſo the Players deſcended were
To th' Star, Nags-head or *Chriſtopher*.
To all thoſe Taverns we cry'd) Let's go,
At which one fell, and then ſwore—No.
The Bars in Smith-field well we paſt,
For all the Watch had run in haſte,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th' enemy.
From Cow-croſs ſtood thoſe ſtoves not far,
In which were entred men of war;
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to preſs a whore.
Leaving them preſſing on we trot
Through the Horſe-fair, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-lane,
Where up the Devil doth Brokers train.

There

There down we fell, and then fell out,
Our leathern Cases flew about:
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,
That all our Fiddles lay half unstrung;
Their backs were broke, & we o'th ground,
Swouning for grief they did not sound;
Our noise brought up from Aldersgate
The rugged Watch, who before sate
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore;
Who with a guard of half a score
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrymæ* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laught out-right;
And though the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skipt and cry,
Scrapers, strike up, we the Watch defie.
The Moon so bold was to look in,
And saw some onely in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckolves when *June* 's spaft)
Some had long shirts down to their waste
Some wanted back-parts, some an Arm;
None wore a shirt could keep him warm:
A French Boy that sweeps Chymnies, wears
His patcht-up frock as white as theirs;

Some

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
Some lapp'd their brows in hose all tore:
They hobble about, they frisk, they sing
So long, that crackt was every string,
By their rude horse-play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard nor felt in Hell:
Yet o'er they gave not, till the Sun
Arose, then all to bed did run.

Good-morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
That night, were few — The Constable
Be like did wink, and would not see;
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he
Toss all that venture on their waves;
The rocks being brown-bills Clubs & staves
On which they split them — Those and they
When morning comes are fetch'd away.
Those Rats o're nighe whose shapes did loose
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees;
Yet some lose tail, some are scratch'd bare,
Whilst Constables and Counters share.

FINIS